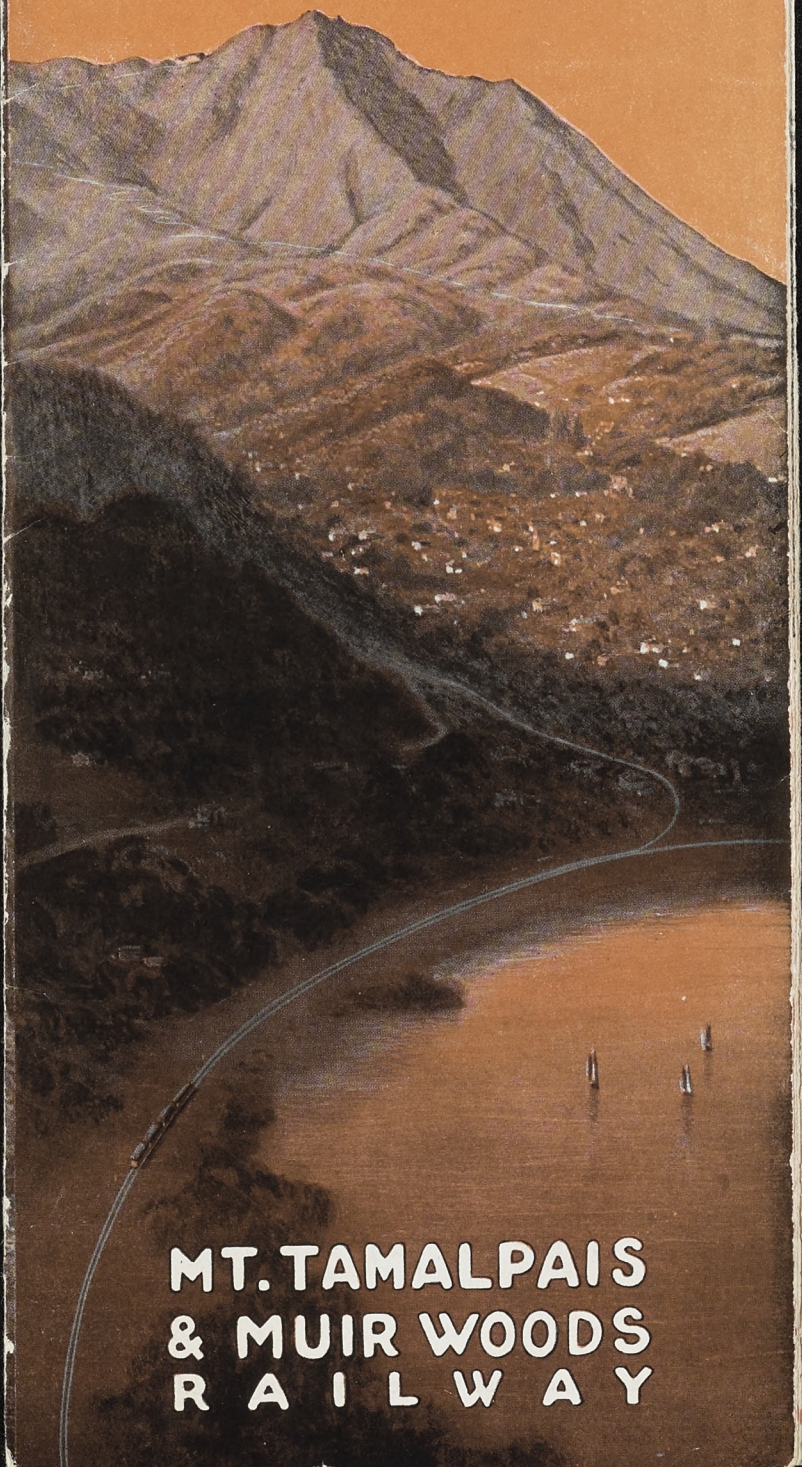
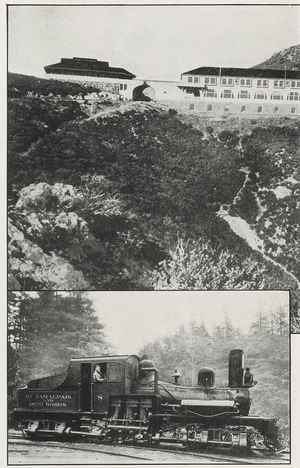
Marin Co. 75c

MT TAMALPAIS
CALIFORNIA



MT. TAMALPAIS
& MUIR WOODS
RAILWAY



One of the powerful locomotives on the "crookedest railroad in the world."

Hotel Service

Hotels are maintained at the summit of Mt. Tamalpais and in Muir Woods. (See special descriptive folder.)

Information

Information may be obtained from:

Mt. Tamalpais & Muir Woods Ry. . . . 212 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco
Principal Hotels . . . . . San Francisco
Bureau of National Parks and Resorts . . . . . 226 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
The Ask Mr. Foster Service . . . . . Principal cities of the United States
American Express Co., Travel Dept. . . . . Principal cities of the United States
Raymond Whitcomb Co. . . . . Principal cities of the United States
Thos. Cook & Son . . . . . Principal cities of the United States
Colpitts-Beekman Co. . . . . Boston, Mass.
American Travel Bureau . . . . . Los Angeles and San Francisco
Crabtree's Travel Office . . . . . Oakland, Berkeley, Stockton

The "biggest little journey in the world" brings you with speed, safety and comfort to the top of Tamalpais (2600 feet) where a hundred points of scenic interest, with San Francisco in the distance, unveil to you the diversified charms of the sunlit land beside the Golden Gate.

The Tavern *The Summit* *San Pablo Bay* *Mt. Diablo* *Berkeley* *Oakland* *San Francisco Bay* *San Francisco* *Golden Gate* *Pacific Ocean*

America's Greatest One-Day Trip

Its starting point is by the Golden Gate. The ticket that you buy at the beginning is not merely a bit of pasteboard—it is the "open sesame" to a Western wonderland; a key to the treasure-house of Nature, whose glories await you in generous measure. Much magic, you will admit, in exchange for the moderate sum of silver left behind you at the ticket window! For you glide at ease over the sheltered waters of a magnificent harbor; you thrill with the novelty of climbing skyward over the queerest, crookedest, railroad ever built, to a tavern whose site in scenic richness is unsurpassed. Tamalpais is verily the Mountain of Magic.

How to Get There

At the Ferry Building in San Francisco you take a steamer for a half-hour ride that brings at interesting range the busy docks, the shore-line of the Presidio military reservation, the silhouettes of Fort Point and Fort Baker—one of the strongest fortifications in the world, the battleship outlines of Alcatraz Island, the hillside homes of Belvedere, the sunny slopes of Sausalito, where you board a third-rail electric train to Mill Valley. Here you connect with the mountain train, a standard broad-gauge railroad, with steam, oil-burning traction locomotives of a special type, whose cylinders turn a shaft geared to the driving wheels, on their axles. The shaft is furnished with universal joints so that the many curves that characterize the road may be made. It is a curious combination, this train. No long-tailed dragon of Chinese legend and quaint fantastic tricks could equal the antics of this powerful steel-and-iron dragon that squirms its tortuous way to the summit, some 2600 feet above the valley. And it climbs tail first! The engine backs up at the rear of the train, thus insuring perfect safety, freedom from smoke and soot, and an unobstructed view. Halfway up the road spreads ribbon-wise into a series of grades forming an ingenious double bow-knot, distinctly outlined against the mountain's side.

For a really jolly adventure, if you like adventure, there is the ride down the mountain in a gravity car. This is a favorite sport of San Franciscans and their neighbors across the bay in Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda.

Why You Should Go

Tamalpais is a "different" mountain. It has a distinction all its own, an undeniable but easily definable charm. Travelers telling tales of mountains they have elsewhere met declare that in putting Tamalpais at the end of their list they were unknowingly saving the best till the last. For the mountain at the Port of the Setting Sun is without a peer in its superb command of the beautiful by land and sea. On a clear day from its crest one may glimpse great steamships that, flying the flags of friendly nations, ride at anchor within the Gate, and vessels unfurling their wings for foreign shores. Many miles to southward, in California's fair fruit-blossom time, are miles of billowy bloom, foaming like the waves that break on the beach far below the Tavern. Yonder, the Farallone isles and lighthouse; eastward, the proud profile of Mount Diablo; encircling the broad bay, homes by hundreds of thousands, whose lights at night bedeck the darkness with brilliance—a picture long to be remembered by the watcher on the Tavern height. And the sunrise! He who remains for that marvelous morning spectacle upon Nature's film will treasure the impressive picture.

Sunlit days on Tamalpais are recorded by the U. S. Government as exceeding those at any other station in the country. Yet the mountain has its moods; perhaps the most novel of these occur on infrequent days when an ocean of fog sweeps the earth from sight below the "Double Bow-Knot," and one seems to be the sole survivor on an island in the sky. But whether you go when the ceanothus (wild lilac) is abloom and every crevice holds its share of wild-flower loveliness, or in the winter season of the native crimson toyon berry, the trip is one of fascinating variety.

Tamalpais is to the city folk around the bay what Fujiyama is to the people of Japan, an object of worship, though not, from the oriental sense of reverence. Rather does it occupy in their affections the place of an ever-ready comrade with which to spend a happy holiday. Beloved alike by the hardy hobnailed hiker and the high-brow, it is dedicated democratically to the Sunday picnicker, the painter, the poet and the dramatist. An annual event attracting thousands is the play staged in an open-air glade by the Mountain Play Association.



Coasting down the mountain to Muir Woods in a gravity car is a safe and frolicsome adventure.

Muir Woods—A National Monument

The gem of America's National Parks

Leaving the main line at the famous "Double Bow Knot," a branch road runs into the Muir Woods, and, crossing the face of the mountain to the southwest, passing through a deep cut, enters the east fork of Sequoia Canyon. By easy grades the railroad winds along the sides of the canyon, through groves of laurel, fir, oak, redwoods, madrone, and numerous other varieties of trees, terminating at Muir Inn overlooking the Muir Woods, a virgin forest of giant redwoods, thousands of years old. Paths have been constructed into the heart of the canyon where the mammoth redwood trees rear their perpendicular trunks to a height of 200 to 300 feet. The journey through the forest is delightful. The roadway follows the mountain stream which flows through the canyon; the paths are carpeted with fallen leaves; the banks are one mass of ferns; and the soft air is impregnated with perfumes of the forest.



This is the Mountain of the Bay Country, the Guardian of the Golden Gate, America's Lookout on the Pacific.



"A place in the sun" on the summit of Tamalpais reveals a map of marvelous beauty beside the Golden Gate. Uncle Sam says there's more sunshine per day on Tamalpais than at any other recording station in the United States—seventy-six per cent being the mean for the past two years.

A "place in the shade" of Muir Woods' magnificent sequoias is one without a peer in the world.

Air-line distances from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais:

	Miles		Miles
San Francisco	12	Mare Island	30
Cliff House	11	Mt. St. Helena	50
Twin Peaks	14	Sacramento	90
City Hall, Oakland	18	Mt. Lassen	183
The Campanile, U. C.	19	Mt. Shasta	237
Winehaven	10	Mt. Hamilton	66
Mt. Diablo	37	Farallone Islands	28

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Here is a map of the Pacific Coast in the vicinity of San Francisco and embracing a view of the Bay Country as seen from Mt. Tamalpais. There is more geography in evidence from this particular vantage point than anywhere else in the world.



These trees have outlived the marble columns of the Greeks who modeled their temples to express the glory of the woods. This grove stood when the temples were building, but it was not the fortune of the beauty-loving builders to behold such a grove as this one.

POOLE BROS. CHICAGO.



MT. TAMALPAIS & MUIR WOODS RAILWAY